

Office of the
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Paris, Maine, Tuesday, August 9, 1842.

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Old Series, No. 25, Vol. 9.

POETRY.

THE FARMER.

"Well, farmer, how speaketh the weather to day?
How springeth the seed through the soil?
And how, when their trust these broad acres repay,
Wilt thou find the reward of thy toil?"
The farmer look'd up through the calm of the sky—
The farmer look'd out o'er his field;
And he paused, as if scanning with spirit'd eyes,
The harvest those acres would yield.
"For years have my forefathers follow'd the plough,
And the harvest the Godhead has given;
And the fruits which, in autumn, they shook from the bough,
They gave to the purpose of heaven.
Those fruits have the board of the festival graced,
And the grain has been ground in the mill;
When the poor have requir'd, it has freely been placed,
But it never was food for the still!
"And blessings have follow'd to them and to theirs,
And plenty, and pleasure, and peace;
They sow'd not in evil, and reap'd not in tears,
And each season was crown'd with increase!
Like them I have sow'd, and like them have I mow'd,
And I've reap'd and I've gather'd like them;
And while I tread in so blameless a road,
Neither heaven nor earth will condemn!"

MISCELLANY.

THE BUSHEL OF CORN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Farmer Gray had a neighbor who was not the best tempered man in the world, though mainly kind and obliging. He was a shoemaker. His name was Barton. One day in harvest-time, when every man on the farm was busy as a bee, this man came over to Farmer Gray's and said, in a petulant tone of voice—
"Mr. Gray, I wish you would send over and drive your geese home."
"Why so, Mr. Barton; what have my geese been doing?" the farmer said, in a mild, quiet tone.
"They pick my pig's ears when they are eating, and go into my garden, and I will not have it!" the neighbor replied, in a still more petulant voice.
"I am really sorry for it, neighbor Barton; but what can I do?"
"Why yoke them, and thus keep them on your own premises. It's no kind of a way to let your geese run all over every farm and garden in the neighborhood."
"But I cannot see it to now. It is harvest time, friend Barton, and every man, woman, and child on the farm has as much as he or she can do. Try and beat it for a week or so, and then I will see if I can possibly remedy the evil."
"I can't bear it, and I won't bear it any longer!" the shoemaker said. "So if you do not take care of them, friend Gray, I shall have to take care of them for you."
"Well, neighbor Barton; you can do as you please," farmer Gray replied in his usual quiet tone. "I am sorry that they trouble you, but I cannot attend to them now."
"I'll attend to them for you, see if I don't," the shoemaker said, still more angrily than when he first called upon farmer Gray, and then turned upon his heel and strode off hastily toward his own house, which was quite near to the old farmer's.
"What upon earth can be the matter with them geese?" Mrs. Gray said, about fifteen minutes afterwards.
"I really cannot tell, unless neighbor Barton is taking care of them. He threatened to do so if I didn't yoke them right off."
"Taking care of them! How taking care of them?"
"As to that I am quite in the dark. Killing them, perhaps. He said they picked at his pig's ears and drove them away when they were eating, and that he would not have it. He wanted me to yoke them right off, but that I could not do now, as all the hands are busy. So I suppose he is engaged in the neighborly business of taking care of our geese."
"John! William! run over and see what Mr. Barton is doing with my geese," Mrs. Gray said, in a quick and anxious tone, to two little boys who were playing near.
The urchins scamper'd off, well pleased to perform any errand.
"Oh, if he has dared to do any thing to my geese, I will never forgive him!" the good wife said angrily.
"H-u-s-h, Sally! make no rash speeches. It is more than probable that he has killed some two or three of them. But never mind if he has. He will get over his pet, and be sorry for it."
"Yes; but what good will his being sorry do me? Will it bring my geese to life?"
"Ah, well Sally, never mind. Let us wait until we learn what this disturbance is about."
In about ten minutes the children came home bearing the bodies of three geese, each without a head.
"Oh, isn't that too much for human endurance?" exclaimed Mrs. Gray. "Where did you find them?"
"We found them lying out in the road," said the oldest of the two children. "And when we picked them up, Mr. Barton said—'Tell your father that I have yoked his geese for him, to save him the trouble, as his hands are all too busy to do it.'"
"I'd sue him for it!" said Mrs. Gray in an indignant tone.
"And what good would that do?" said Mr. Gray.
"Why it would do a great deal of good. It would teach him better manners. It would punish him; and he deserves punishment."
"And punish us into the bargain. We have

lost three geese now, but we still have their good fat bodies to eat. A law suit would cost us a good many geese, and not leave us even so much as the feathers, besides giving us a world of trouble and vexation. No, no, Sally;—just let it rest, and he will be sorry for it I know."
"Sorry for it, indeed! And what good will his being sorry for it do us, I should like to know?" Next, he will kill a cow, and then we must be satisfied with his being sorry for it! Now, I can tell you that I don't believe in this doctrine.—Nor do I believe any thing about his being sorry, the crabbed, ill-natured wretch."
"Don't call harsh names, Sally," farmer Gray said, in a mild, soothing tone. "Neighbor Barton was not himself when he killed the geese. Like every other angry person, he was a little insane, and did what he would not have done had he been perfectly in his right mind. When you are a little excited, you know, Sally, that even you do and say unreasonable things."
"Me do and say unreasonable things!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray, with a look and tone of indignant astonishment; "me do and say unreasonable things! when I am angry! I don't understand you, Mr. Gray."
"May be I can help you a little. Don't you remember how angry you were when Mr. Mellon's old brindle got into our garden, and trampled over your lettuce bed, and how you struck her with the oven pole and knocked off one of her horns?"
"But I didn't mean to do that though."
"No, but then you were angry, and struck old brindle with a right, good will. And if Mr. Mellon had felt disposed, he might have prosecuted for damages."
"But she had no business there."
"Of course not. Neither had our geese any business in neighbor Barton's yard. But, perhaps I can help you to another instance, that will be more conclusive in regard to your doing and saying unreasonable things when you are angry. You remember the patent churn?"
"Yes, but never mind about that."
"So you have not forgotten how unreasonable you was about the churn. It wasn't good for any thing—you knew it wasn't; and you'd never put a jar of cream into it as long as you lived—that you wouldn't. And yet, on trial, you found that churn the best you had ever used, and now wouldn't part with it on any consideration. So you see, Sally, that even you can say and do unreasonable things when you are angry just as well as Mr. Barton can. Let us then consider him a little, and give him time to get over his angry fit. It will be much better to do so."
Mrs. Gray saw that her husband was right but she felt indignant at the outrage committed on her geese. She did not say any thing about suing the shoemaker—for old brindle's head from which the horn had been knocked off, was not yet entirely well, and one prosecution very naturally suggested the idea of another. So she took her three fat geese, and after stripping off their feathers, had them prepared for the table.
On the next morning, as farmer Gray was going along the road, he met the shoemaker, and as they had to pass very near to each other the farmer smiled, and bowed, and spoke kindly.—Mr. Barton looked and felt very uneasy, but farmer Gray did not seem to remember the unpleasant incident of the day before.
It was about eleven o'clock of the same day, that one of farmer Gray's little boys came running to him, and crying—
"Oh father! father! Mr. Barton's hogs are in our corn field."
"Then I must go and drive them out," said Mr. Gray in a quiet tone.
"Drive them out!" ejaculated Mrs. Gray, "drive them out, indeed! I'd shoot them, that's what I'd do! I'd serve him as he served my geese yesterday."
"But that wouldn't bring the geese to life again, Sally."
"I don't care if it wouldn't. It would be paying him in his own coin, and that's all he deserves."
"You know what the Bible says, Sally, about grievous words, and they apply with stronger force to grievous actions. No, no, I will return neighbor Barton good for evil. That is the best way. He has done wrong, and I am sure he is sorry for it. And as I wish him still to remain sorry for so unkind and unneighborly an action, I intend making use of the best means for keeping him sorry."
"Then you will be revenged on him, any how?"
"No, Sally—not revenged. I hope I have no such feeling. For I am not angry with neighbor Barton, who has done himself a much greater wrong than he has done me. But I wish him to see clearly how wrong he acted, that he may do so no more. And then we shall not have any cause to complain of him, nor he any to be grieved, as I am sure he is, at his own hasty conduct. But while I am talking here, his hogs are destroying my corn."
And so saying, farmer Gray hurried off towards his corn field. When he arrived there, he found four large hogs tearing down the stalks and eating the ripe ears of corn. They had already destroyed a good deal. But he drove them out very calmly, and put up the bars through which they had entered, and then commenced gathering up the half eaten ears of corn, and throwing them out into the lane, for the hogs that had been so suddenly disturbed in the process of obtaining a liberal meal. As he was thus engaged, Mr. Barton who had from his own house seen the farmer turn the hogs out of his corn field, came hurriedly up, and said:
"I am very sorry, Mr. Gray, indeed I am, that my hogs have done this! I will most cheerfully pay you for what they have destroyed."

"Oh never mind, Barton—never mind. Such things will happen occasionally. My geese, you know, annoy you very much sometimes."
"Don't speak of it, Mr. Gray. They didn't annoy me half as much as I imagined they did. But how much corn do you think my hogs have destroyed? One bushel, or two bushels? Or how much? Let it be estimated, and I will pay you for it most cheerfully."
"Oh, no. Not for the world, friend Barton. Such things will happen sometimes. And, besides, some of my men must have left the bars down, or your hogs could never have got in. So don't think any more about it. It would be dreadful if one neighbor could not bear a little with another."
All this cut poor Mr. Barton to the heart.—His own ill-natured language, and conduct, at a much smaller trespass on his rights, presented itself to his mind, and deeply mortified him. After a few moments' silence he said:
"The fact is, Mr. Gray, I shall feel better if you will let me pay for this corn. My hogs should not be fattened at your expense and I will not consent to its being done. So I shall insist on paying you for at least one bushel of corn, for I am sure they have destroyed that much, if not more."
But Mr. Gray shook his head and smiled pleasantly, as he replied:
"Don't think any thing more about it, neighbor Barton. It is a matter deserving no consideration. No doubt my cattle have often trespassed on you, and will trespass on you again. Let us then bear and forbear."
All this cut the shoemaker still deeper, and he felt still less at ease in mind after he parted from the farmer than he did before. But on one thing he resolved, and that was to pay Mr. Gray for the corn which his hogs had eaten.
"You told him your mind pretty plainly I hope," Mrs. Gray said, as her husband came in.
"I certainly did," was the quiet reply.
"And I am glad you had spirit enough to do it! I reckon he will think twice before he kills any more of my geese."
"I expect you are right, Sally. I don't think we shall be troubled again."
"And what did you say to him? And what did he say for himself?"
"Why he wanted very much to pay me for the corn his pigs had eaten, but I wouldn't hear to it. I told him that it made no difference in the world, that such accidents would happen sometimes."
"You did?"
"Certainly, I did."
"And that's the way you spoke your mind to him?"
"Precisely. And it had the desired effect.—It made him feel ten times worse than if I had spoken angrily to him. He is exceedingly pained at what he has done, and says he will never rest until he has paid for that corn. But I am resolved never to take a cent for it. It will be the best possible guaranty I can have for his kind and neighborly conduct, hereafter."
"Well, perhaps you are right," Mrs. Gray said, after a few moments of thoughtful silence. "I like Mrs. Barton very much—and now I come to think of it I should not wish to have any difference between our families."
"And so do I like Mr. Barton. He has read a good deal, and I find it very pleasant to sit with him, occasionally, during the long, winter evenings. His only fault is his quick temper—but I am sure it is much better for us to bear with, and soothe that, than to oppose and excite it, and thus keep both his family and our own in hot water."
"You are certainly right," Mrs. Gray said, "and I only wish that I could always think and feel as you do. But I am a little quick as they say."
"And so is Mr. Barton. Now just the same consideration that you would desire others to have for you, should you exercise towards Mr. Barton, or any one else whose hasty temper leads them into words or actions that in calmer and more thoughtful moments, are subjects of regret."
On the next day, while Mr. Gray stood in his own door, from which he could see over the two or three acres of ground that the shoemaker cultivated, he observed two of his own cows in his neighbor's cornfield, browsing away in quite a contented manner. As he was going to call one of the farm hands to go over and drive them out, he perceived that Mr. Barton had become aware of the mischief that was going on, and had already started for the field of corn.
"Now we will see the effect of yesterday's lesson," the farmer said to himself, and then paused to observe the manner of the shoemaker towards his cattle in driving them out of the field. In a few minutes Mr. Barton came up to the cows—but, instead of throwing stones at them, or striking them with a stick, he merely drove them out in a quiet way, and put up the bars through which they had entered.
"Admirable!" ejaculated farmer Gray.
"What is admirable?" asked his wife who came within hearing distance at the moment.
"Why, the lesson I gave our friend Barton yesterday works admirably."
"How so?"
"Why two of our cows were in his corn field a few minutes ago, destroying the corn at a rapid rate."
"Well! what did he do to them?" she inquired, in a quick, anxious tone.
"He drove them out."
"Did he stone them, or beat them?"
"Oh, no. He was gentle as a child toward them."
"You are certainly jesting!"
"Not I. Friend Barton has not forgotten that his pigs were in my cornfield, yesterday, and that

I turned them out without hurting a hair of one of them. Now, suppose I had got angry and beaten his hogs, what do you think the result would have been? Why, it is much more than probable, that one or both of our fine cows would have been at this moment in the condition of Mr. Mellon's old brindle."
"I wish you wouldn't say any thing more about old brindle," Mrs. Gray said, trying to laugh, while her face grew red, in spite of her efforts to keep down her feelings.
"Well, I won't, Sally, if it worries you. But it is such a good illustration, that I cannot help using it sometimes."
"I am glad he didn't hurt the cows," Mrs. Gray said, after a pause.
"And so am I, Sally. Glad on more than one account. It shows that he has made an effort to keep down his hasty, irritable temper—and if he can do that, it will be a favor conferred on the whole neighborhood, for almost every one complains, at times, of this fault in his character."
"It is certainly the best policy to keep fair weather with him," Mrs. Gray remarked, "for a man of his temper could annoy us a good deal."
"That word policy, Sally, is not a good word," her husband replied. "It conveys a thoroughly selfish idea. Now, we ought to look for some higher motive of action than mere policy—motives grounded in correct and unselfish principles."
"But what other motive but policy could we possibly have for putting up with Mr. Barton's outrageous conduct?"
"Other and far higher motives, it seems to me. We should reflect that Mr. Barton has naturally a hasty temper, and that, when excited he does things for which he is sorry afterwards—and that, in nine cases out of ten, he is a greater sufferer from those outbreaks than any one else. In our actions towards him, then, it is a much higher and better motive for us to be governed by a desire to aid him in the correction of this evil, than to look merely to the protection of ourselves from its effects. Do you not think so?"
"When thus moved to action, we are, in a degree regarding the whole neighborhood, for the evil of which we speak affects all. And, in thus suffering ourselves to be governed by such elevated and unselfish motives, we gain all that we possibly could have gained under the mere instigation of policy—and a great deal more. But to bring the matter into a still narrower compass. In all our actions towards him and every one else, we should be governed by the simple consideration—Is it right? If a spirit of retaliation be not right—then it cannot be indulged without a mutual injury. Of course, then, it should never prompt us to action, or if cows or hogs get into my field or garden, and destroy my property—who is to blame most?—Of course myself. I should have kept my fences in better repair, or my gate closed. The animals, certainly are not to blame, for they follow only the promptings of nature—and their owners should not be censured, for they know nothing about it. It would then be very wrong for me to injure both the animals and their owners for my own neglect—would it not?"
"Yes—I suppose it would."
"So at least it seems to me. Then, of course, I ought not to injure neighbor Barton's cows or hogs, even if they do break into my corn field or garden, simply because it would be wrong to do so. This is the principle upon which we should act, and not from any selfish policy."
After this there was no more trouble about farmer Gray's geese or cattle. Sometimes the geese would get among Mr. Barton's hogs, and annoy them while eating, but it did not worry him as it did formerly. If they became too troublesome he would drive them away, but not by throwing sticks and stones at them as he once did.
Late in the fall the shoemaker brought in his bill for work. It was a pretty large bill, with sundry credits.
"Pay day has come at last," farmer Gray said, good humoredly, as the shoemaker presented his account. "Well, let us see!" and he took the bill to examine it item after item.
"What is this?" he asked, reading aloud.
"Cr. By one bushel of corn, fifty cents."
"It's some corn I had from you."
"I reckon you must be mistaken. You never got any corn from me."
"Oh yes I did. I remember it perfectly. It is all right."
"But when did you get it friend Barton? I am sure that I haven't the most distant recollection of it."
"My hogs got it," the shoemaker said, in rather a low and hesitating tone.
"Your hogs?"
"Yes. Don't you remember when my hogs broke into your field, and destroyed your corn?"
"Oh, dear! is that it? Oh, no, no, friend Barton! I cannot allow that item in the bill."
"Yes, but you must. It is perfectly just—and I shall never rest until it is paid."
"I can't, indeed. You couldn't help your hogs getting into my field; and then you know, friend Barton, (lowering his tone) my geese were very troublesome!"
The shoemaker blushed, and looked confused; but farmer Gray slapped him familiarly on the shoulder, and said, in a lively, cheerful way:
"Don't think any thing more about it, friend Barton! And hereafter, let us endeavor to do as we would be done by, and then every thing will go on as smooth as clock work."
"But you will allow that item in the bill?" the shoemaker urged, perseveringly.
"Oh, no, I couldn't do that. I should think it wrong to make you pay for my own or some of my men's negligence in leaving the bars down."

"But then, (hesitatingly) those geese,—I killed three. Let it go for them."
"If you did kill them, we ate them. So there it is even. No, no, let the past be forgotten and if it makes better neighbors and friends of us, we never need regret what has happened."
Farmer Gray remained firm, and the bill was settled, omitting the item of 'corn.' From that time forth he never had a better neighbor than the shoemaker. The cows and hogs and geese, of both, would occasionally trespass, but the trespassers were always kindly removed. The lesson was not lost on either of them,—for even farmer Gray used to feel, sometimes, a little annoyed when his neighbor's cattle broke into his field. But in teaching the shoemaker a lesson, he had taken a little of it to himself.

THE MELON SEEDS.

The Mills Point Herald gives a sketch of great interest relative to a lawyer of this city. It is a column long, and we must condense it. It relates, that at a restaurant in this city, one night was assembled a party of young Creoles, at the invitation of one of their number who had just taken out license to practice law in Louisiana.—The host, after drinking much wine, got boisterous, looked around anxious to find some one to insult. He at last discovered a spare old man in a corner, at whom he commenced firing melon seeds from between the thumb and finger. The first one hit on the left ear. The second struck his hand, and the third rebounded from his breast.
"You are a bad shot," said the old man, rising.
"I will give you a few lessons," and he handed his card. The parties met with pistols the next morning on the Shell Road, near the half way house. The Creole fired first and missed.
"Monsieur," said the stranger, "you are too hasty, and you bear too hard on the trigger, but now it is my turn. I advise you to stand cool and firm, the least variation might cost you your life. You aimed at my eye yesterday but hit my ear—it was well you missed." He raised the pistol, and muttering "Monsieur's right ear," he fired—the lower lappet of the right ear was shot away. "One lesson at a time," said the unknown, "is enough;—here, sir, is your first melon seed. Adieu, you shall hear of me again."
Twelve months had passed away—the occurrence above related was almost forgotten by the actors—when one evening, at the Theatre D' Orleans, the Creole felt a light tap on the shoulder; he turned, and the mysterious stranger of the restaurant stood by his side. "Monsieur," whispered he, "I owe you another lesson, are you at leisure to-morrow morning?"
"A votre service, Monsieur."

They met again and the Creole missed. Said the old man "you have not improved much since your last lesson. Your second shot at the restaurant struck my hand, therefore this goes on the same spot," and at the firing of the pistol, the Creole's left hand hung in shreds to his arm.—"The next time we meet, Monsieur, your breast shall be the target," exclaimed the unknown, as he handed over the second melon seed carefully wrapped up in a piece of paper.
The Creole recovered, but lost his spirits, and was a changed man.
A few weeks ago, the Creole received a small package from Havana; accompanied by a letter from a hotel keeper there, stating that the said package was ordered to be sent to his address by a foreign gentleman who had died there.
He opened the box, and found therein a small purse containing one melon seed—The stranger was no more.
The writer of this sketch says the above is no fiction, and that the principal actor even now resides in New Orleans, a talented and esteemed member of the bar; and often relates the above sketch of his adventures to his friends, to show how dearly he paid for the excess of one night at the restaurant.—[N. O. Crescent City.]

TAXATION.—There is one passage in the Scriptures to which all the Potentates of Europe seem to have given their unanimous assent and approbation, and to have studied it so thoroughly as to have it at their finger's ends—"Thou went out a Deceit, in the days of Augustus Caesar, that all the world should be taxed."
THE POLITICIAN AND THE FARMER.—What sort of a bank do you prefer? asked a politician, upon an electioneering tour, of a staunch old farmer.
"A bank of earth," was the reply.
"Yes—but that will furnish no facilities."
"True; but it will furnish bread, which is much better."

BARTON.—"I say, my little son, where does that right-hand road go?"
"Don't know, sir; tain't been no where since we lived here."

In old times, it is said, there was a comet, that had a tail so long that it reached half way across the sky, and on the end was written, in Greek, to be continued.

"Excuse me, but I am really too much flattered to see company," as the canary bird said when the black cat tried the door of her cage with his paw.

What place celebrated for a great naval battle do young ladies mention when they deny the favor of a kiss? "Oh! Ushant!"

"That's a powerful extract," as the man said to the Dentist when he wrenched a three pronged grinder from the jaw.

Who is wise? He that learns from every one. Who is powerful? He that governs his passions. Who is rich? He that is content.

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Oxford Democratic Convention.

THE DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS of the several Towns and Plantations composing the Oxford Senatorial District, are requested to send Delegates to a Convention to be held at the Court House in Paris, on Wednesday, the seventeenth day of August next, at ten o'clock A. M., for the purpose of selecting candidates for Senators, and other County Officers, to be supported at the ensuing election.

All Towns and Plantations which give fifty Democratic votes, or a less number, will send one Delegate; over fifty and under one hundred and twenty-five, two; over one hundred and twenty-five and under two hundred and fifty, three; over two hundred and fifty and less than four hundred, four; over four hundred and fifty and less than six hundred, five.

Per Order of the County Committee.
Paris, June 24, 1842.

Democratic Caucus.

The Democrats of Paris are requested to meet at the Town House, on Wednesday, the Thirtieth day of August next, at five o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of choosing Delegates to attend the County Convention, and to make such arrangements for the coming election as may be thought proper.

Paris, July 25, 1842.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS. ELECTION—MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12.

FOR GOVERNOR,
JOHN FAIRFIELD.

THE NORTH EASTERN BOUNDARY.

We have not received, (says the Augusta Age), during the week, any authentic or complete account of the Treaty recently negotiated with England and embracing an adjustment of the N. E. Boundary question. But we are enabled, as we suppose, to correct, in some respects, the statements in regard to it, which we copied from the N. Y. Herald.

The indemnity to Maine and Massachusetts (so far as it is pecuniary) for the territory yielded to Great Britain, and in which they have an interest, is now generally, and we doubt not correctly, stated to be \$300,000, instead of half that sum.

As to the quarter from whence this indemnity is to be received, the Madisonian confirms the statement, that it is the Government of the United States.

As to our rights in the navigation of the St. John river, the Portland Argus, speaking apparently from some original information, (probable Judge Preble), affirms, that by the Treaty, the timber and produce of the American portion of the valley of the St. John, have not only the privilege of a free transit upon the river to American ports, but that when introduced into New Brunswick, they may be treated as British property, if their owners so determine, and be invested with the same rights of shipment to British ports, as now attach to the timber and produce of New Brunswick. If this be true, as we are bound to suppose it is, our timber upon the waters of the St. John, will have the important advantage of two markets.

We must however, still express our decided disapprobation of the terms of this Treaty (as yet understood) with the advantage of a fuller confidence, that we express the opinion of this section of the State. Four fifths, at least, of those we happen to see, denounce those terms, as they are reported to exist. All however are disposed to hope, that they may be found, in the event, to be more favorable to our interests, and more consistent with our honor.

The Madisonian of the 1st instant, says:—
“The Northeastern Boundary. Having noticed the various and widely different statements in other journals in regard to the Northeastern boundary negotiation, we believe it to be as well to give our version, which, perhaps, is as likely to be correct as the rest, to say the least. That the matter is settled, all admit.

The line, as we understand, is from the monument North to the St. John—along the middle of the St. John to the mouth of the St. Francis; up the middle of the St. Francis to Lake Pohansagumook; thence Northwest to the Northwestmost head of Connecticut river. The portion of the Madawaska settlement South of the St. John, to belong to Maine.

By this it will be seen that by far the largest portion of the territory and all the land of the least value agriculturally, is retained by Maine. Great Britain has a strip over which she can pass from Fredericton to Quebec, and, if we are not misinformed by those who have opportunities of knowing all that this strip is, or can be made, good for, is to pass over, and that as speedily as possible, unless one wishes to starve from cold or hunger.

For this right of way, we are to receive the free navigation of the St. John from its source to the mouth, and Rouse's Point, an unquestioned portion of British territory and a valuable military position. For parting with that portion of the territory, Maine and Massachusetts are to receive a small sum of money from the U. States, quite as much to be sure as it is worth, and not one quarter of what Gen. Jackson proposed to pay Maine alone, or even her, as the Globe calls it.

The Washington Spectator, an able democratic journal, under date of Saturday (July 30th), says:—
“THE NEGOTIATIONS.
“It is hazardous to speak of the treaty before its promulgation. We understand that it is to be sent to the Senate on Monday.

“There is no party in the alleged proposition of General Jackson to give a million of acres, as a voluntary compensation Maine, in case she acceded to the recommendation of the King of the Netherlands. That partition of territory was a compromise earnestly recommended by the high arbiters chosen by the parties, and if Maine had acquiesced in it, spontaneous compensation for her voluntary act of renunciation would have been politic and proper. This, however, is a cession by our own Government, not only of the territory proposed by the King of Holland, but of six hundred thousand acres besides; a very important one to Great Britain, since it withdraws the American line from the Highlands, through their whole parallel course with the St. Lawrence.

“A valuable consideration would have been the cession of that narrow portion of territory bounded by the St. John, from about Seal River, to a point just below the Great Falls. This would have given us, in that quarter, a natural boundary, and have made the navigation of the St. John a substantial benefit. As settled now, it is but the privilege of pitching logs down a creaking second boundary, we think our Government has committed a grievous error, and renounced the best practicable indemnity for the sacrifice it has agreed to make.”

The Bangor Democrat, speaking of the Treaty, in relation to the N. E. Boundary, says:—

“Such is the trade according to the reports. All that Maine will in reality obtain, is the sum of \$300,000. If the St. John river runs through our territory by the law of nations we believe we have a right to navigate it. Can the free navigation of the river be

considered an equivalent for territory?—Can what other States obtain be considered an equivalent to Maine? If the general government is bound to pay the posse account, as we all believe, then the consideration Maine receives is narrowed down to the sum of \$150,000 for three million acres of land, and peace with England. If these things are so, we are much mistaken if it does not cross the grain of the people.

Why is England put in possession of the whole chain of highlands, at the north and west? She asked only for a communication between her Provinces—she has taken a strong and commanding military position all around us.

Has there been fair play in this business? A Washington letter published in the Belfast Journal, says:—
“Our Commissioners have been placed in a very unfavorable and disagreeable position. The President has been very anxious to settle the question, and you know would not have been so ready to accept the Dutchman's award. Mr. Webster, who ought to have protected our rights, has given his whole influence in the opinion of our Commissioners to favor the British Minister, and to effect such an arrangement as he desired. I understand Mr. Webster informed our Commissioners that the Executive and the British Minister had agreed on terms of reference if not settled, and that the first question to be decided by the umpire would be whether or not the treaty would be executable, it was believed by our Commissioners that an umpire would find it much easier to decide that the treaty would not be executed than to decide the true boundary, and other threats from our Secretary, no doubt, have had an influence with our Commissioners.

The Massachusetts commissioners, who probably are making a good bargain for the sake of their hands, sent in their acceptance some days before our commissioners, and I learn that many members of Congress from other States of high standing and much influence, urged in strong and decided terms to accept, and said to them, ‘Maine would lose the sympathy and support of other States if she did not yield.’

These are some of the reasons which the commission give their qualified and conditional acceptance. Thus you will see our Commission had the influence of the Executive, the commission of Massachusetts, who ought to have been our friends, and many other influences against them, and it has been represented by those who left Maine since the Extra Session of our Legislature, that the people of Maine were desirous of a settlement even on such terms as now proposed, and although from what I see in the papers and hear from Maine, I believe that desire is stronger now than at any former period, for a settlement, and that it is extremely important to have the question settled—yet I cannot believe that the people of Maine are prepared or willing to accept such terms as are now offered.

Will the Senate ratify the treaty? Great doubt of it is expressed in all quarters. Without expressing any doubt of the ability or fidelity of our Commissioners, we fear that the monstrous pressure brought to bear upon them forced them into a wrong position, or to partially assent to too much. But if the Senate confirms, we must yield with what good grace we may. We are greatly disappointed in regard to the terms, but by possibility they may be more favorable than the reports represent. When we know more, we can make up our minds fully and talk more understandingly.

CONGRESS—TARIFF BILL—TREATY.

By our last advices from Congress, says the American, we learn that it has been determined by the Senate to pass the Tariff-bill just as they received it from the House. The reason is, they dare not send it back to that body lest they should conclude to kill it. It makes no great difference, however, whether its throat is cut by the representatives or the President, as its death is decreed. The veto is expected by the 9th inst. at Washington. We shall have it about the 12th.

In the Senate, the amendments, one and all, proposed by the Committee of Finance to the Revenue Bill were rejected.

The bill reducing the pay of members of Congress had been put out to nurse. It is under the fostering care of a select Committee of respectable old gentlemen, where it will sleep, probably, as long as did Rip Van Winkle.

Of the treaty, we can, as yet, say but little. The correspondent of the New York Herald—who is a perfect Paul Pry at Washington—expresses his opinion strongly that the Senate will reject it; while the correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce is just as certain of its confirmation. Time will develop. Let us wait patiently.

A FEW WONDERS.

We wonder if the working men get 4 roast beef and two dollars a day.

We wonder if the specie has increased in the market since March 4th, 1841.

We wonder if bank frauds are becoming less frequent.

We wonder if there are any bank failures now—a day.

We wonder if money is scarcer than it was a year or two since.

We wonder if since March 4th, 1841, the price of produce, or labor, or of stocks, or of real estate, have risen.

We wonder if since that period, any banks have re-putated, or any States repudiated, or any citizen become bankrupt, or corporations bankrupt, or any States bankrupt, or any General Government bankrupt.

We wonder if a certain political conglomeration by the name of the “whig party,” is still extant.

We wonder if we are wrong in guessing that the next President will be an out-and-out-Democrat.

We wonder upon the whole what the whigs think of themselves, their party, their prospects, their promises, their men and their measures: and whether they would ‘nt be glad to sell out the whole concern—coon skins, empty cider barrels, song books, banners and all—for a very small consideration.

For the Democrat

OPERATION FOR CLUB FOOT.—A Case.
Dr. S. H. Tewksbury, of Oxford, has successfully performed this operation and effected a permanent cure. The subject laboring under this deformity was a young lad whose feet had been from birth distorted in the following manner. The feet were turned completely inwards, so much so that walking was performed upon the outer angles, forming the most inveterate variety of club foot. The heels were drawn upwards and inwards, and the back of the feet presented themselves directly in front—while the soles were turned backwards. The toes of each foot were brought almost in contact, so that in walking the individual was obliged to carry one foot over the other, and causing thereby a sort of semi-circular motion. The operation caused but a momentary pain, and was succeeded by no bad symptoms or excitement of any kind, and but little pain caused by the distending apparatus. The patient, after thirty days treatment, walked upon the bottom of his feet with his toes in their natural position.

DAILY AMERICAN. We have received several numbers of a new paper with the above title. It is a very entertaining and well filled with interesting matter, both original and selected. The mechanical part is equal to any in the State for neatness and good taste. Published by O. L. Sanborn, Portland. Terms, \$4 per year.

“We copy the following article from the Boston Morning Post of July 30th. It is every word true. Let the people of all parties, who love truth and right, and despise hypocrisy and double dealing, read it. It is for the leaders of the Whig party, that the Whig papers now ask the people's confidence. They claim for them disinterestedness, because forsooth, they have denounced John Tyler! O! ye hypocrites!

THE WHIGS AND THEIR PLEDGES.

THE COMPROMISE ACT.

When in “the forum,” in 1840, soliciting the votes of the American people, no pledges were deemed too large to make, by the whig leaders in different sections of the country, to secure them. Were they accused of advocating a national bank at the South, they denounced this charge as a calumny, and pledged themselves to go against it. Were they accused at the South of advocating a high tariff, they denied it, and held up the compromise act of 1833, and pledged themselves to sustain it. Were they accused anywhere of seeking for the spoils of office, they repelled the charge with scorn, and proclaimed themselves to be the proscribers of proscription. Were they accused of seeking to pass a law distributing the proceeds of the public lands, they denied it boldly, unequivocally; it was not a whig measure, they said. What a mockery of these pledges has been the conduct of the party since they have attained to power! what a mockery on truth and sincerity! what a comment on political life!

Look at the pledges made by the whigs in relation to the compromise act, and see how shamefully they have been violated—more, how shamefully the whole pack of party presses and politicians denounce John Tyler, because he has been true to them. What said Harrison?—Here is language as strong as words can make it:—

“I am for supporting the compromise act, and will never agree to its being altered or repealed.”

We might quote columns of such passages; one quotation, however, will be sufficient. We ask the attention of those who value truth and sincerity to the following extract from a letter written by Wm. Preston, Senator from South Carolina. The circumstances under which this letter was written were as follows:—At a public meeting in Abbeville, S. C., Mr. Pickens' district, resolutions were passed stating that as Mr. Preston was elected Senator as an opponent of a protective tariff, the distribution of the public lands and a bank, in becoming an advocate for a party which supported those measures he “had totally forfeited their confidence.” Mr. Preston, May 11, 1841, replied to these resolutions at length. The Boston Atlas of May 31, 1841, copied this letter with comments. It terms Mr. Preston's letter “manly and dignified,” and speaks of “the force and justness with which it repels the unjust attack” contained in the resolutions. Mr. Preston says—

“It is not the fact that the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands has ever been considered a whig party measure.

It is not the fact that, in any just meaning of the phrase, it comes in as the high tariff party, either secretly understood or publicly avowed. FOR IT IS NOTorious TO THE COUNTRY THAT, AS FAR AS PLEDGES COULD BE MADE BY A POLITICAL PARTY, THE WHIGS WERE PLEDGED TO THE COMPROMISE ACT OF 1833. THEIR CANDIDATES FOR PRESIDENT AND VICE PRESIDENT WERE DEEPLY, REPEATEDLY, AND PUBLICLY PLEDGED TO IT, AND THE MOST LEADING MEN OF ALL THE PARTY MOVED TO ITS MAINTENANCE BY EVERY POSSIBLE ORATION; while, on the other hand, the candidates of the other party for President and Vice President, and their most leading and able parties (Mr. Wright, of New York), were at all times the advocates and supporters of the most extravagant system of protection. The vote of the anti-tariff States of Georgia and N. Carolina, and the present attitude of Virginia, vindicate the whig party against this charge.”

As far, then, as pledges could be made by a political party, the whig party stood pledged to the compromise act. Both HARRISON and TYLER were “deeply, repeatedly, and publicly pledged to it. All this was “notorious.” Notorious, however, no longer than the canvass of 1840 lasted! When the whig party triumphed whig pledges were forgotten! The very presses that echoed these sentiments are now the most loud-mouthed in traducing the men who adhere to them. The old federal portion of the whig phalanx are busy in the old federal work of calumniating the Democrats who had the foolishness to aid them into power; and the whig presses have the cool impudence to come out and utter such sentiments as the following from the Boston Atlas of July 14, 1842:

“The establishment of a permanent system of revenue, having especial regard to the protection of the products and industry of the country—the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands among the States—and the establishment of an institution for the safe-keeping and management of the public moneys, and to assist in equalizing the exchanges of the country. IN THESE THREE MEASURES WERE NOT OF THE LEADING MEASURES UPON WHICH THE GREAT POLITICAL BATTLE OF 1840 WAS FOUGHT, WE KNOW OF NONE THAT DESERVES SUCH PROMINENCE.”

The whigs, however, made one pledge that has been fulfilled, just as we expected and predicted that it would be fulfilled. We allude to the pledge made by the Whig Executive Committee, in behalf of the whig party. In a circular signed by LEVERETT SALTONSTALL, and eight others, dated Washington, Jan 21, 1840, and addressed to the whig party, “the common object in view” was said to be “the restoration of the Government to the days of her patriot Presidents.” Of course, according to Leverett SaltonSTALL, John Davis, and Daniel Webster, those “days” to be restored were the days of those patriot Presidents John Adams and John Q. Adams—the days of national banks, of protective tariffs, and of internal improvement; the days of the American system and of old federalism; of gag laws and of speculation. Nothing but the firmness and patriotism of one man has prevented the re-

turn of those days. And because one division of the party that fought so fiercely for “a change of rulers” will not consent to interpret the “restoration” agreeable to the interpretation of federal commentators, its members are denounced as traitors!

One reflection is forced upon every mind by the state of the times. It is the reward which POLITICAL DISHONESTY is reaping. No party in any nation ever deceived the people so outrageously as did the whig party of 1840; no party ever suffered so soon the penalty of deception.

From the Globe of July 25.
SENATE.

The discussion of the tariff is confined, for the present to the details of the bill. The item which occupied this day's sitting was the specific duty of 5 cents on bagging for cotton bales. The Senate's committee have proposed an amendment reducing it to 3 1-3 cents. Mr. Crittenden opposed the amendment, and on grounds showing that the high imposition was proposed to secure monopoly, in the name of protection, to some twenty odd bagging factories in the West—not to provide a revenue for the Government. The outline of the remarks made by Messrs. Calhoun, Walker, and Cuthbert, render this obvious.

From the precise statement, made in figures, by Mr. Calhoun, it appears that the proposed duty gives, as bounty to the manufacturer of bagging and rope, an amount which it will require one out of every thirty-seven bales of cotton to pay; that this will levy a tax of one million and a half nearly, on the planter without considering the extortion which that monopoly puts it in the power of the twenty-three bagging makers, by combination, to practice, when the foreign competition is banished from the market. Mr. Walker gave some striking examples of the excess to which this extortion was formerly carried, under high duties. Some of the planters were induced—to defend themselves against this iniquitous conspiracy to take from them the profits on their cotton, by charging double and even triple prices for the bale rope—to resort to iron hoops to supply the place of the rope.

The cry raised—the of the impending ruin of manufactures, unless they have a greater bounty than the 20 per cent. now afforded under the existing tariff—was never more absolutely a crocodile cry of greedy avarice, than in the case of the bagging-making monopoly. The hemp grows in the next field to the factories in Kentucky. When the seeds are sown, the fat lands, the rain, and the sunshine, bring the plant to perfection without labor. Slave labor prepares it for, and work it in the factory. It is borne in a few days, by the cheapest of all navigation—the descending steam navigation of the Kentucky, Ohio, and Mississippi—from the loom to the spot where it is to envelop the cotton. How is it possible that hemp raised in the north of Europe can be brought to Dundee or Inverness, can be there worked up by free labor, and thence transported to the banks of the Mississippi, through our Atlantic seaports, undergoing transshipments and paying a 20 per cent. duty, and then come into competition with Kentucky bagging at its own door, at such prices as to ruin the manufacturer? Scotch bagging may and does come in at such prices as to prevent exorbitant profits from being realized on the home-made article, by the hemp grower or the bagging-maker. But as to ruining the business of either, or stopping the work of their thrift, it is just as impossible as for the Scotchmen to stop the flood of the Mississippi with his bagging. The Kentucky farmer may not be able to get seven and eight dollars for his hemp, which he could raise for three—not the bagging-maker triple the prices of his fabric, as formerly when competition from any cause was excluded. But we verily believe, that if the cotton were to be baled in Europe, and the strength of the Kentucky soil and the energy and skill of the people (black and white) tasked for the purpose, bagging could be made there, and sent to undersell the Scotch, at Dundee; and this without ruining the person who had the land and negroes to engage in it. The truth is, the rich farmers of the West could easily furnish bagging for all the cotton in the world, at Scotch prices, and make money by it. And unless they can make more by other agricultural pursuits, they will unhesitatingly engage in competition with the Scotch, without a bounty of above 20 per cent. to add to their profits. With this, we have no doubt they will compete successfully with the Scotch, and gunny-bags to boot.

THE DISTRIBUTION AND THE TARIFF.

The New York Tribune thinks that we do not understand the question of distribution. It is possible that the Tribune don't understand it.

What is the object of distribution? Isobject, like all whig legislation, where the finances of the nation are concerned, is to put money into the pockets of the rich, and take it out of the pockets of the poor. It will make higher duties necessary. This will give more protection to the capitalists; and raise the price of their goods; and of course, increase their dividends. It will take the money out of the pockets of the poor in this way. They will have to pay higher prices on imports. And, it may be answered, so will the rich. True. But all Tariffs are essentially a poll tax. It is the polls that pay, and not property.

Let us explain. John Doe is a wealthy man; worth one hundred thousand dollars. Richard Roe is comparatively, a poor man, worth but one thousand dollars, and has ninety-nine neighbors, worth precisely the same amount each.—John Doe has a wife and five children; and each one of the thousand, has a wife and five children. They consume, each an equal amount of tea, coffee, fuel, salt, sugar, molasses, clothing &c. and therefore, are all taxed to exactly the same amount, each; although John Doe is worth as much property, as the other hundred. The taxes are not collected on property, otherwise John Doe would pay as much as the hundred. Now supposing the taxes amount to thirty millions, per annum, they would be about two dollars per head; so that each family of 7 persons, the number supposed, would pay fourteen dollars. John Doe, worth one hundred thousand dollars, would pay but fourteen dollars, while Richard Roe, and his ninety-nine neighbors, worth only the same a-

mount of moneys, would pay FOURTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

Now supposing the whole number of persons in the State to be 500,000; and it becomes necessary to raise a State tax of \$500,000; it would be one dollar per head. But it would be raised on property. In this case John Doe would pay one hundred times as much as Richard Roe, or any one of his associates. In other words John Doe would pay just as much as the whole of them. Now supposing there was a source of Revenue for lands, owned by the nation, amounting to fifteen millions or one dollar per head, which went into the National Treasury; and thus preventing the necessity of raising that amount upon importations; if John Doe could get the people to distribute this sum among the States, it saves the necessity of direct taxation, but makes it necessary to raise fifteen millions additional upon imports, to go into the national treasury to supply the place of the same distributed.

Of this sum thus raised, John Doe would pay only a hundredth part. Richard Roe's family would pay as much as John Doe's, though Richard was worth only one thousand dollars to John's one hundred thousand! This is precisely the operation of the distribution of the sales of the public lands, among the States, thus far. But John Doe is not satisfied in saving some thousands of dollars, sponged out of Richard Roe, and his neighbors by indirect taxation.—He has two strings to his bow, and fires right and left. John Doe is a manufacturer of various kinds of goods, consumed by Richard Roe and his friends, who are farmers and mechanics.—The price of these goods are enhanced by the amount of the additional taxes made necessary, and raised in consequence of the distribution.—This amount is fifteen millions, which Mr John Doe collects of Richard Roe and his humble associates. Thus John batters his broad on both sides by this cunning manoeuvre. He saves his direct taxes, and makes Richard & Co. pay them on imports; and then collects the same amount over again, in the additional prices of the goods he manufactures, and they consume.

This is, in part, the operation of the distribution of the public moneys, collected from the sales of the public lands! Its design, and tendency is to take money out of the pocket of the laborer, and put it into the pocket of the capitalist.

We hope if the whigs persist in the villainous scheme of distributing the sales of the public lands among the States, that the Democrats in the State Legislatures will distribute it to the towns, and the towns, per capita. This, if nothing else will do it, will bring the whigs to their senses; and come nearer than any other mode of distribution, of doing justice to the people—the consumers, and tax payers. [Argus.

AGRICULTURE AND THE TARIFF.

The following article is extracted from the Boston Cultivator, an agricultural paper, whose opinions upon most subjects are well worthy of the confidence of farmers and mechanics:

THE FUTURE POLICY OF GOVERNMENT.—It is all-important to the nation, that our laws should be stable and certain. Nothing is more fatal to the varied interests of the country, than ever-changing and fickle legislation. The all-absorbing question, during the remainder of the present session of Congress, will be, “How is the Revenue to be raised or the Tariff question settled?”

We hear much cant about free trade, and the consequent prostration of American industry, without there being in the action of Congress or the state of public opinion, a particle of foundation for even a dream that any such thing can, even by possibility, exist. The whole country and all parties go thus far, together, that a revenue sufficient to meet the wants, or to defray the necessary expenses of the Government, must be raised by a duty on goods imported from foreign countries.

The friends of the Compromise Act, the majority and minority of the Committee of Manufactures, the Committee of Ways and Means, the Secretary's bill,—all in their reports admit it; and there is not a particle of evidence from any quarter to support the bug-bear, free trade, which appears to us, to have been got up, so far to alarm the mass of the people, as to lead them to overlook their own rights in this great question, and submit a tariff which will tax the mass for the benefit of a few favored and privileged classes, as has been the case heretofore.

Now, the question to be settled before any bill can pass, is just this, whether the revenue shall be so raised as to protect American industry generally or only a few noisy and influential branches of that industry. Yes, this whole tariff hatlo is to be fought just here. On the one side, powerful and influential classes will be satisfied with nothing but a high tariff, in which there shall be discrimination for favor—in which they alone shall have the monopoly of protection. They are a small minority, and have no hope of success but by bargain and corruption. On the other hand, the majority in Congress, the mass of the people, go for an equal tariff, which shall regard alike the interest of the farmer, the merchant, and manufacturer, and this will eventually be the settled policy of the country, and though the struggle may be desperate to defeat it, the subject is now getting to be well understood by the people, and we have no fear but that justice will eventually triumph.

The question is not between free trade and a constitutional tariff, protection, but whether a few particular classes shall have all the benefit of the hundreds of millions of tariff taxes, paid by every man, woman and child, that eats, drinks, or sleeps in the Union, or whether this vast sum shall be divided by an equal tariff among the whole people, and every class according to the amount of their contributions to the public purse. If, for illustration, the whole people are taxed 20 per cent on 20 millions of dollars in cloths, and are thus compelled, indirectly, to pay \$4,000,000, or to pay for four yards, just what five would cost without such tariff tax, then the farmer, representing a large body of the whole people, demands on his part, that on \$20,000,000 of wool, the manufacturers shall pay a tariff of 20 per cent, to wit, \$4,000,000. This will make the thing just equal, if the manufacturer is exempt from this duty on wool, then farmers being three-fourths of the whole people, will be made to pay \$3,000,000 out right, to make manufacturing profitable.

